

A SONG

For The
KING'S
BIRTH-DAY, 1694.



OH Spring! where are thy flowry treasures?
Verdant Summers! where retreated?
Cæsar's Festival repeated;
Should renew your blooming pleasures;
To attend the happy Morn,
Nature should her self adorn.

Tho the gaudy Spring is fled,
And the Summer's Verdure dead:
Winter has of Ivy store,
Such as Great *Alcides* wore:
Ivy and Laurel ever gay,
Preserve themselves for *Cæsar's* day.

Our Hero's worth can sure inspire
Celestial Orbs with vital fire;
Absent *Phœbus's* task perform
In spite of Winter, Frost and Storm,
Create a joyful Quire.

Around the joyful Muses call,
Come, celebrate this Festival.

From an Heroe for Valour and Ver ue renown'd,
Let Envy retire, and the Graces conspire,
With Laurel and Mirtle his Brows to surround:
All in one harmonious strain,
Dales and Mountains, Groves and Fountains,
Welcome *Cæsar's* Birth and Reign.

Britain on *Cæsar's* day should smile,
From Shore to Shore resound with mirth;
Like *Delos* at *Apollo's* Birth,
That eas'd her grief, and fix'd her floating Isle,
Britain on *Cæsar's* day shou'd smile,

Like *Phæbus* too, our Hero's Reign
To us dispensing endless joys;
Circling Blessings to maintain
Him in restless toyls employs.
In *Rome* had such a *Cæsar* swaid,
Brutus and *Cato* had obey'd.

*When Laws are supported, and Monarchs are mild,
Empire, and Freedom are then reconcil'd.*

Tis Danger gives a Warrior Fame,
Conquest by Bribe, or Stealth obtain'd,
Honours true Sons have still disdain'd.
Adventures Crown'd Brave *Jason's* Name,
And *Hercules* by toyls, O're-came.

But see the happy season springs,
That joyful Peace to *Europe* brings;
Vast Arrears of Bliss, that may
O're-recompence the long delay,
And our *Alcides's* Toyls repay.

Peaceful Arts shall then renew,
Smiling Ages long ensue
To *Britains* Royal Pair,
Her Guardian Angels Care,
No less Success, no less Rewards are due.

*When Laws are supported, and Monarchs are mild,
Empire, and Freedom are then reconcil'd.*

F I N I S.